

Whistling Rufus p. 2

A G

Oh way down south like the sly old 'pos-sum un-der the syc-a-more

A

tree. Lived a man named Ru-fus Bloss-um jol-ly as a fel-low could

D **G**

be. Ruf had a face like an old sledge ham-mer and a

C

mouth with a ter-ri-ble scar. But none could touch him in the

G **D** **G**

stat of Al-a-bam-a when he played on his old gui-tar. Nev-er gave no

B **G** **D**

blun-der you could-n't lose him. A per-fect won-der

G

you'd have to choose him. A fine mu-si-cian of high po-

C **G** **D** **G**

si-tion was whist-ling Ru-fus the one man band.

2. Miles he would go to a ball or party rainy weather or fine.
When he arrived he was welcomed hearty out come a chicken and wine.
When he was done with the wine and the chicken then he whistled and he played so grand.
You'd a thought it was the angels on the harps was a strummin' and they called him the one man band.